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Exciting tales of the
unfettered cowboy spirit

32

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

A People's Publication

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1955

Price

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and
THE WAGON TRAIN MASSACRE!

BILL BOYD WESTERN

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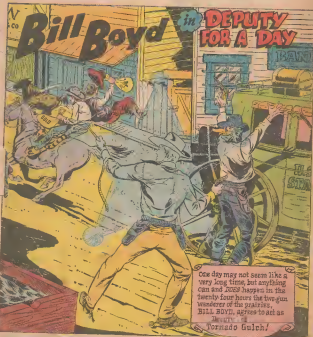
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Every effort is made to insure that these weekly magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. A. Folgerson, Jr., President



One day may not seem like a very long time, but anything can and DOES happen in the twenty-four hours the two-gun wonder of the prairie, **BILL BOYD**, agrees to act as **Deputy of Tornado Gulch!**

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After Sharkey describes
the two innocent men —

THERE MIGHT BE SOME TRUTH IN
WHAT YOU SAID, SHARKEY! THOSE COWBOYS
YOU DESCRIBED SOUND LIKE THE TWO I PASSED
ON MY WAY OVER HERE! I'M GOING TO SEE
IF I CAN FIND THEM! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M
JUST GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T
LEAVE HERE UNTIL I GET BACK!



Sharkey replies —

I THINK YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT
TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
SEARCHING US FOR,
DEPUTY!

FOR ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS WORTH OF
GOLD DUST WHICH
SHARKEY CLAIMS HE
GAVE YOU FOR A
DIAMOND RING
YOU SOLD HIM!



WE NEVER
SOLD HIM
ANYTHING!
ALL WE DID
WAS SAY
HELLO!

WELL, ONE THING'S SURP —
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY GOLD
DUST ON YOU! NEVERTHELESS,
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HOLD
YOU TWO UNTIL THIS CASE
IS CLEARED UP!



At the jailhouse —

I TELL
YOU WERE
INNOCENT!

IN THAT CASE, YOU
HAVE NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT! I'M
GOING TO GET SHARKEY
AND MAKE HIM TELL
THE TRUTH WHEN
HE SEES YOU
TWO!



Meanwhile, at
the shack —

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T FREE
MYSELF! BUT IF THE DEPUTY FINDS
WE HAD AFTER QUESTIONING JACK
AND GIFF, I'M A CAGED BIRD.
I'VE GOT TO THINK
FAST!



I RECKON
I GOT IT!



When Bill Boyd
returns —

I FOUND THOSE
TWO COWBOYS YOU
TOLD ME ABOUT, BUT
THEIR STORY DOESN'T
JIBE WITH MINE! I'M
TAKING YOU DOWN TO
THE JAILHOUSE SO
YOU CAN TELL IT
TO THEM!

THAT'S
O.K.
WITH ME,
DEPUTY!



As Bill approaches to unlock Sharkey —

HEY!

IT WORKED! HE'S FALLING THROUGH THE HOLE I KICKED IN THE FLOOR! THE RUG COVERED IT NICELY!

BOF!

SMASH!

THAT SHOULD KNOCK HIM OUT!

NOW I WANT TO PULL HIM CLOSE ENOUGH, WITH MY FEET, SO I CAN GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS FOR THE KEY TO THIS HANDCUFF!

Seconds later —

I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE BACK THIS DIAMOND, TOO!

I SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE! BUT NO MATTER WHERE I WENT, WITH THIS CRITTER ALIVE, HE'D BE AFTER ME!

I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA! BUT FIRST I'D BETTER TIE AND GAS HIM!

PIOP!

When Sharkey finishes that job —

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CLOSE UP THE CRATE AND SHIP IT TO SOME FINE PERSON FAR AWAY FROM HERE!

BILL BOYD WESTERN





Shortly after ---





Follow the adventures of **BILL BOYD** every month in his own magazine, **BILL BOYD WESTERN!**

BILL BOYD WESTERN

BIG BART and LITTLE LEW



BILL BOYD WESTERN





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Transparent as glass
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QUIZ

- ① IN THE NAVY E.S.T. STANDS FOR EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
TRUE.
FALSE...



- ④ MOST COUNTERFEIT COINS CAN BE EASILY CUT WITH A KNIFE.
TRUE.
FALSE...



- ⑧ THE PORTULACA IS ONE OF THE TEN MOST POPULAR FLOWERS IN THE U.S.
TRUE.
FALSE...



- ⑤ THE UNITED STATES SENATE APPROVED THE TREATY FOR THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA ON APRIL 30, 1867.
TRUE.
FALSE...



- ③ A FATALIST AND A SENTIMENT ARE THE SAME.
TRUE.
FALSE...

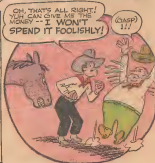
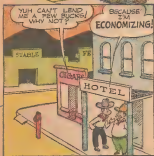
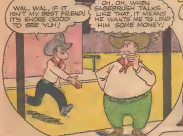


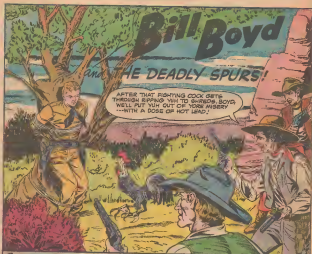
ANSWERS:

① TRUE ② TRUE ③ TRUE ④ TRUE ⑤ TRUE ⑥ TRUE ⑦ TRUE ⑧ TRUE ⑨ TRUE ⑩ TRUE



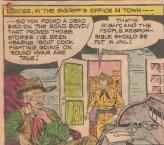
'A WISE SPENDER'





Cock fighting is a cruel, vicious pastime and when Bill Boyd, the raring cowboy, tries to stop it, he runs across a gang of cruel, vicious killers who have one aim---his death!









THE TWO DESPERADOES TAKE TYLER TO THE HILLS ---

SO YUHVE COME TO, EH, TYLER? GOOD! JUST IN TIME TO SEE US KILL YUH!

(GASP) NO, NO! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

I'LL N-NEVER SAY A WORD ABOUT N-W-HET I KNOW! I G-GIVE YUH MY WORD! I PROMISE!

YORE YASTING YORE BREATH!



HELP!
HELP!

YUH CAN YELL ALL YUH WANT! THAT'S NOBODY AROUND! BUT BEFORE WE KILL YUH, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN AND KNOCK THE TAR OUT OF YUH!

BUT THE CROOKS ARE WRONG! SOMEBODY IS AROUND --- BILL BOYD!

HELP!
AIEEE!

I'VE RIDDEN ALL OVER TOWN AND I CAN'T FIND ANY SIGNS OF COCK FIGHTING! MAYBE I CAN SPOT SOMETHING UP HERE IN THE HILLS---WHAT? THAT SOMEONE'S SCREAMING FOR HELP! COME ON, MONITE, LET'S GET GOING!



(GROAN) AIEEE!

THOSE CROOKS ARE BEATING THAT POOR MAN TO DEATH!

POW!
HAM!
BAM!

STOP!

HOW COULD IT'S BILL BOYD!

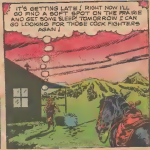
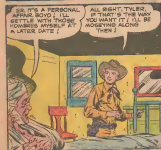
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE SEES WHO WE ARE!

UGH!
THUD!

RIGHT, BUT BEFORE WE BEAT IT, I'M GOING TO FINISH TYLER OFF!

(GASP) THAT OUTLAW IS ABOUT TO SHOOT THAT FELLOW!







HERE'S AN OPEN WINDOW!
I'LL JUMP INSIDE! I THINK I
KNOW HOW I CAN CATCH
THIM IN THE ACT WITHOUT
ENDANGERING TYLER
AT ALL!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

THAT'S TYLER--
SLEEPING ON
THE COUCH!



GOOD! THAT
SAVES US
TIME!

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT! I'M
GOING TO RIDE MY TIME
TILL I DO!



SO YUH FOUND OUT WE'RE FITTING PRISON ON
THE SPURS OF OUR FIGHTING COCKS, TYLER? WELL,
YUH'LL NEVER MAKE UP TO TELL ANYBODY 'BOUT IT!
WE'RE GOING TO FINISH YUH OFF RIGHT NOW!



SO THAT'S IT! THIS
GANG HAS BEEN RUNNING
THE COCK FIGHTS AND
CHEATING THE FOLKS
AROUND HERE!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



AWW! (GULP) IT'S
NOT TYLER, IT'S
BOYD!

(GULP)
HE SHOT THE
GUYS OUT OF
OUR HANDS!

PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND
START WALKING! YOU'RE
GOING TO JAIL! AND PA
WARNING YOU----ONE
FALLER MORE AND I'LL
BE YOUR LAST!

YEH GOT US, BOYD!
WE KNOW WHEN
WE'RE LIKED!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING---

THANKS TO YUH, BOYD, THOSE CROOKED GAM-
BLERS ARE BEHIND BARS AND AFTER EVERY-
BODY INVOLVED, INCLUDING TYLER, AND HIS
HEAVY FINE, THEY PROMISED TO STOP COCK
FIGHTING!

GOOD! THEN
THERE'S NO
REASON FOR
ME TO STAY
HERE! LET'S
HIT THE HIGH
ROAD, WIDNITE,
FOR MORE
ADVENTURES!





PARDNER

HERE'S
YOUR
SHOCKPROOF

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

Wrist Watch



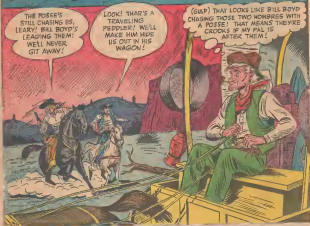
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Bill Boyd in THE PRAIRIE HOSTAGE!

(A Crowbait Story)

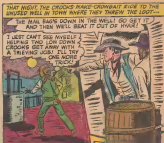












BRAINY BUSTER

"STRAINED
RELATIONS"

HEY, BRAINY BUSTER! HEY,
BRAINY BUSTER!

I'VE GOT
TO PUT A
STOP TO THIS
RIGHT NOW!

OSWALD, I WANT YOU TO
STOP SCREAMING
MY NAME
LIKE THAT!

AW, WHY,
UNCLE
BUSTER?

ER, BECAUSE IT'S VERY BAD FOR
YOU TO YELL THROUGH A
SCREEN DOOR!

HUH? IT'S
BAD FOR ME
TO YELL THROUGH
A SCREEN DOOR? WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE STRAINING YOUR
VOICE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!

DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

GEE, TOMMY, WHAT A NEAT SKATING SWEATER!

I WHITTED IT MYSELF FOR THIS CONTEST.

SKATING CONTEST THREATS

I NEVER SAW A SPIN LIKE IT!

TOMMY WINS THE CONTEST!

HERE, TOMMY, ANOTHER PRIZE! PER WANTS TO SQUARE HIMSELF.

PER, YOU DID ME A DEARABLE FAVOR. I'D SWEAP MY SHIRT FOR THE MEDAL, AND SQUARE WAD!

BUBBLE BUBBLE GUM ANY DAY!

1¢

WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S BUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FRANK'S FLEER CORP.
FELLSVILLE, PA., U.S.A.

WILBUR

the

WAITER

TEA HEE!

HUH? WHY NOT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?

I LIKE BREWED TEA, NOT THIS KIND WITH TEA BAGS! IT'S DANGEROUS!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DESSERT?

A CUP OF TEA, PLEASE!

HUH? TEA MADE WITH TEA BAGS IS DANGEROUS?

THAT'S RIGHT! EVERYTIME I DRINK IT...

POPP!

SOON AFTER.....

HERE'S YOUR TEA!

OH NO! TAKE IT BACK! I DON'T WANT IT!

...THE TEA BAGS GET STUCK IN MY THROAT!



STRIPLING'S LUCK

By Richard Kraus



IT WAS late on a fall evening when young Jim Partlow returned to Boulder Springs. He was seen searching through the saloons and stores of the Colorado mining town, looking for all the world like his brother Jed—tall, lean, with heavy eyebrows, and a curious, swinging walk. As he went, he asked the same question everywhere. "Have you seen Clegg Baker?"

Always the answer was the same. Bartenders and store clerks looked the boy up and down, leaned forward and said softly, "Forget it, Jim. Stay out of Boulder Springs. You won't get anywhere."

But each time Jim Partlow hunched up the Colt that sagged from his waist in a worn holster, and walked away with a swinging gait. "Have you seen Clegg Baker? I'm coming to talk to him . . ."

Finally he found Clegg Baker. The punchy mine owner was coming out of a saloon on the main street, followed by his tight-lipped gunsel, Catamount Paley. When he saw Jim Partlow, Baker stopped short. Then, walking carefully, he went up to the stripling, his face expressionless.

"I see you came back to town," he said. "I told you there wasn't any point to it, Partlow. You haven't got any call to keep bothering me."

Jim Partlow's heavy brows drew down, and his slender body seemed to curve forward. He had ridden a long way since he had gotten that letter three weeks before—and he had been tired. But he was not tired any more.

"I don't aim to bother you, Baker," he said. "I just want the truth. I want to know how my brother was killed!"

"All right!" Clegg Baker cut the air with a savage swipe of his stubby right hand. "I'll tell you again—for the last time! He gambled away all his holdings in the mine—lost it all. Then, late one night, he snaked down the shaft. It was dark, and he stumbled into Dead-fall Shaft! There was a cave-in and he was killed! We found his body the next day! That's all!"

Jim Partlow hunched his shoulders. "I don't believe it," he whispered. "Jed was too smart and too careful! You're lying, Baker!"

Before he could go on, Clegg Baker grunted angrily. "That's enough! Hit him, Catamount! Hit him hard!"

As a cluster of men outside the saloon watched, the broad-shouldered, tight-lipped Catamount Paley lunged forward. Shaking deceptively, he slammed a hard right hook against Jim Partlow's jaw. The boy sank to the rutted street. Dumbly he tried to rise, and Paley hit him again, flush on the mouth. The mine owner and his bodyguard turned and walked away. As they went, young Partlow watched them from where he lay sprawled. His hand was across his blood-smeared mouth, and beneath his fingers, his lips moved in a silent vow . . .

That night Jim Partlow went down in the mine that his brother had owned jointly with Clegg Baker—and that now, since his brother's death, belonged solely to Baker. He went down secretly and quietly, holding a kerosene lantern that was shaded by his Levi jacket.

When he got down on the first level of the silver mine, he took out the lantern and, holding it high, began to move toward the Dead-fall Shaft . . .

The next morning he came back to town. He spoke for a short while to Sheriff Denver Bailey, in the old lawman's office. Then, coming across the board sidewalk on his long legs, he straddled his paint horse and rode away. As he rode, he lifted his worn Stetson, and waved back at the watching sheriff. "So long, Denver," he said. "Be seeing you!"

He cut over the mountain and back down to Baker's silver mine. Going directly to the mine office, he rapped sharply on the door.

Clegg Baker himself opened the door. When he saw the boy, his heavy face twisted angrily. "You again!" he grunted. "I thought you learned your lesson yesterday from Catamount! Get out!"

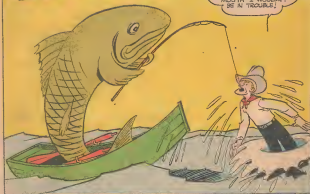
"No!" Jim Partlow thrust his way past the

(Continued in back of book)

WINDY

AND THE
POWERFUL FISH!

(GULP) I'M JUST
LIKE ANY OTHER POOR FISH--
IF I HADN'T OPENED MY
MOUTH I WOULDN'T
BE IN TROUBLE!



ONE FINE DAY --

WHEEE I CAN TALK THE
BOYS INTO GIVING ME
SOME OF THEM THOSE
FISH THEY'VE CAUGHT! I
SHOULD HOPE I CAN-- I'M
POWERFUL HUNKORY!

I'D TRY TO CATCH A FEW FISH
MYSELF, BUT IT'D BE JUST A WASTE
OF TIME-- I COULDN'T EVEN
CATCH A GOLD IN THE
WINTER TIME!



I'M THE WORST FISHERMAN IN THE WORLD, BUT WHEN I GET THROUGH TALKING, THOSE HOMBRES WILL THINK I'M THE GREATEST!



HOWDY, FELLERS! (HOW ABOUT GIVING ME SOME OF THEM FISH?)

WHAT FER? WHY DON'T YUH CATCH SOME FER YORSELF?



SHUCKS, I COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH FISHING IN A LITTLE OLD LAKE! THAT'S TOO TAME FER ME!

TOO TAME, FER YUH! WHY, WHARD YUH EVER GO FISHING THAT WAS ROUGHER?



WHARD? IN THE OCEAN, OF COURSE! DEEP SEA FISHING, THAT'S MY DISH!



YUH MEAN LYING IS YORE DISH!

IS THAT SO? FER YORE INFORMATION, I'M ONE OF THE GREATEST DEEP SEA FISHERMEN IN THE WORLD!



FER YORE INFORMATION, YORE ONE OF THE GREATEST BULL THROVERS IN THE WORLD!

YUH MEAN TO SAY YUH CRITTERS NEVER HEARD 'BOUT THAT GREAT BIG POWERFUL FISH I CAUGHT IN THE GULF?

NO, AND NEITHER DID YUH!



TEK, TEK, I'M SORRY FER YUH HORN BANNERS IF YUH DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT FISH I CAUGHT! IT WAS THE STRONGEST FISH IN THE WORLD!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN IT WAS THE STRONGEST FISH IN THE WORLD?



I'M GLAD YUH ASKED ME THAT! IT TOOK ME FIVE HOURS OF ALL-OUT STRUGGLING TO PULL THAT FISH IN! AFTER I GOT HIM ON THE LINE! YUH NEVER SAW A FISH PUT UP A STIFFER FIGHT!



WELL, AFTER I PULLED HIM ON MY LAUNCH I ADMIRER HIM SO MUCH FOR HIS STRENGTH, I DECIDED TO THROW HIM BACK INTO THE OCEAN!

WHAT! YUH THREW HIM BACK!



YUP! BUT THAT FISH ADMIRER ME SO MUCH FOR MY STRENGTH, HE KEPT CLIMBING BACK ON MY BOAT!

(GASP) THE FISH KEPT CLIMBING BACK!



THAT'S RIGHT! WELL, I WISHT GONNA TO LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY, SO I FIGGERED OUT A GOOD WAY TO GET RID OF HIM!

YUH DID! HOW?



I TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR AND LOWERED IT! I FIGURED THAT WAS THE END OF HIM! BUT A FEW MINUTES AFTER I TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR AND LOWERED IT, I SAW SOMETHING THAT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET!

WHAT?



IT WAS THAT BURNED FISH CLIMBING BACK ON THE BOAT, CARRYING THE ANCHOR ON HIS BACK!

GASP!



YES, SURE, THAT'S NOW STRONG THAT FISH WAS. HE CARRIED THE ANCHOR ON HIS BACK!

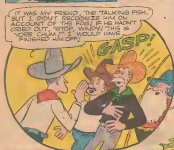
G'WAH, YUH DONT EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YUH?

YORE IMAGINATION IS STRONGER THAN THAT FISH EVER WAS!

YUH DONT HAVE TO BELIEVE ME IF YUH DONT WANT TO, BUT THAT FISH WAS NOT ONLY STRONG, HE WAS BRILLIANT!

WHAT! HE WAS BRILLIANT?







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QUIZ

1. PAUL REVERE'S
MEMORABLE RIDE
TOOK PLACE ON
APRIL 18, 1775.

☐ True ☐ False



2. SIR ISAAC NEW-
TON WAS BORN
IN WOOLSTHORPE,
LINCOLNSHIRE, ENG-
LAND IN 1727.

☐ True ☐ False

4. THE RED
POPPY IS ONE
OF THE TEN MOST
POPULAR FLOWERS
IN THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False



3. THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WAS FOUNDED
IN 1900.

☐ True ☐ False

5. ON A SHIP THE
LEEWARD SIDE IS
THE SIDE THAT
IS SHELTERED
FROM THE WIND.

☐ True ☐ False



DOES "ENTER" S
"STRIKE" H
"STRIKE" E
"STRIKE" C
"STRIKE" T

ANSWERS

older man, past Catamount Paley, and into the mine office. There he turned to face them.

"Listen!" he said. "When I came to town, I just had a vague suspicion that there was something wrong with the way my brother died. I thought there was something phony about his having lost his share in the mine by gambling—just before his death—so the whole thing belonged to you. I was just a little suspicious, and when you put this human coyote," his thumb indicated Catamount Paley, "to work on me, I got more suspicious."

The boy leaned forward a little. His jaw was blue-black with the bruises of the day before.

"I figured I had to find out something," he went on. "So I went down in the mine shaft last night. I went into the Deadfall Shaft, where you say Jed was killed by a cave-in! There I found a message, written real rough, on the shaft wall—cut in with an old shovel handle! It was a message that Jed wrote . . . and I remember the way he formed his letters. He wrote, 'Baker and Paley slugged me . . . left me here . . . tied-up. Rigged cave-in . . .'"

Clegg Baker and Catamount Paley stood next to each other, their faces intent and white.

"Go on, Partlow," the mine owner hissed. "Then I figured out what really happened," Jim Partlow said. "You wanted to get Jed out of the way, so you'd have the whole mine for yourself. So you and Paley slugged him one night when you were in the mine. You left him there—with a rigged cave-in that would fall in a few minutes, as soon as you got out. But Jed must have come to! He was too weak to crawl out, but not too weak to write this message on the mine wall—before the rocks fell . . ."

Jim Partlow stopped for a moment.

"Too bad you never took a good look at the shaft wall," he said. "Too bad you never saw Jed's last message."

"Yeh!" Clegg Baker agreed. "Too bad!" He nodded his head in sharp, quick jerks. "Too bad you didn't get to tell anyone else about it before you came here. Go get him, Catamount! I see we got to take care of him—

just like we did his brother!"

Catamount Paley was a killer and he was a good one. With knife or rope, or with his six-gun, he did an efficient job! But he underestimated young Jim Partlow. The stripling had been expecting trouble all along, and when he heard Baker's words . . . he did two things! He flung himself sideways, and he went for his Colt!

Paley was faster on the draw, and he shot first!

But his streaking bullets missed the diving youth! And, in the next moment, Jim Partlow's Colt roared. The lead pounded into Paley's shoulder. Clutching a desk with palsied hands, the gunman slumped to the floor!

Through the eddying smoke, Jim Partlow could see Clegg Baker lunging for the door. He flicked his revolver toward him, covered his broad back with the gunsight.

"Don't do it," he said coldly.

The mine owner stopped and his hands went up.

"All right," said the youth. "Come on in, Sheriff. I reckon you heard enough!"

SHERIFF DENVER BAILEY stepped in the doorway, shaking his head when he saw Catamount lying on the floor. "Still breathing, I see! I reckon I'll have to hang them both! You sure got the evidence on them, boy! When you told them how you saw that message on the wall, Baker knew it was no use! I'll testify to his admitting the crime, when it comes to a jury trial!"

"Good!" said Jim Partlow, thrusting his Colt back in its holster. "Because there never was any message on the mine wall!"

"No message?" The sheriff's eyes bagged out. "You mean it was just a bluff—a scheme to get Baker to confess?"

"That's right," said the youth. "My brother never even learned to write. He couldn't have written the message. If Clegg Baker wasn't so scared and panicky, he'd have remembered that! But I took a chance . . . and I reckon luck was with me!"

THE END

Bill Boyd

and

The Wagon Train Massacres

The Old West was settled by hardy pioneers who feared no risk to find a new land for themselves and their families! When wagon train after wagon train disappears en route, the two-gun prairie wanderer and defender of the law, Bill Boyd, tries to find out who is responsible and why!

BANG!



ANYWAY, AT THE NOT TOO DISTANT RESERVATION OF THE CROWFEET TRIBE...

THANKS FOR INVITING ME TO EAT WITH YOU! I ENJOYED MY STAY IMMENSELY, CHIEF BIG BEAVER! NOW, I'VE GOT TO MOVE ON TO THE LAST OUTPOST!

IT WAS A PLEASURE BREAKING BREAD WITH GREAT FRIENDS! WE WISH YOU A SAFE JOURNEY, BILL BOYD!

ON MY WAY OUT HERE, I PASSED SEVERAL WAGON TRAINS AND YET, I HAVEN'T NOTICED ONE COMING THROUGH IN THE MANY DAYS I'VE SPENT IN THE WOODS! AND I WON'T FEEL EASY UNTIL I FIND OUT WHY!

AS THE WAGON HEADED TOWARD BLADES, WIPED BACK TO THE LAST OUTPOST --

NO WONDER THE WAGON TRAINS DIDN'T COME THROUGH! THEY WERE WIPED OUT!

NOT ONLY WIPED OUT BUT COMPLETELY CLEARED OUT/TOO! WHEN THE OTHER WAGON TRAINS HEARD ABOUT THIS, THEY PROBABLY ALL STAYED AT THE LAST OUTPOST!

BUT A LITTLE FURTHER ON --

I WAS WRONG! THE WAGON TRAINS DIDN'T STOP AT THE LAST OUTPOST! BUT THIS ONE MET THE SAME HORRIBLE FATE AS THE OTHER!

COMPLETELY LOST, TOO! I'D BETTER RIDE ON AND WARN THE OTHER WAGON TRAINS LEAVING THE LAST OUTPOST AND HEADING THIS WAY!

WHEN BILL BOYD ARRIVES AT THE LAST OUTPOST --

---AND WHEN I WENT CHASING AFTER THAT STRAY STEER, I CAME ACROSS THE MARRAIDED PIONEERS! I TELL YUH THE INJUNS MUST BE ON THE WARPATH AGAIN!

IN THAT CASE, I SUGGEST WE ROUND UP EVERY ABLE BODIED MAN IN THE LAST OUTPOST AND ATTACK THE CROWFEET BEFORE THEY ATTACK US!





MEANWHILE --

THIS WON'T BE FOR LONG, CHIEF BIG BEAVER! I PROMISE YOU THAT! NOW, LET'S GO, MIDWITE!



AS BILL GETS CLOSER TO THE LAST OUTPOST --

WHOA, MIDWITE! I WAS SURE THE CROWFEET WERE INNOCENT, BUT THIS PROVES IT! THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WITH ME AND BE HERE AT THE SAME TIME!



BUT ACCORDING TO THE PEOPLE IN THE LAST OUTPOST, THERE AREN'T ANY OTHER INDIANS AROUND -- UNLESS THIS IS THE WORK OF A BAND OF KINEGADES!



WHAT'S THAT?

OWH!



HAVE MERCY! DON'T KILL US!

KILL YOU? I WANT TO HELP YOU!



THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE HONKERS WHO ATTACKED OUR WAGON TRAIN!

YOU MEAN, IT WASN'T INDIANS WHO WIPED OUT YOUR BAND OF PIONEERS?



NO! THEY USED ARROWS BUT THEY WERE WHITE MEN!

THEY HUNTED EVERYWHERE BEFORE THEY LEFT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE! IT'S ONLY A MIRACLE THAT THEY DIDN'T FIND US!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO NOW! WE SPENT ALL OUR MONEY FOR SUPPLIES IN THE GENERAL STORE AT THE LAST OUTPOST AND EVERYTHING WAS STOLEN!

DON'T WORRY! WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME HAS THROWN A GREAT DEAL OF LIGHT ON A RAZY PICTURE!



I HAVE A FEELING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR WOUNDS!



LATER, AT THE INDIAN HIDE-OUT ---

--OF COURSE WE'LL DO IT, BILL! IT'S A CHANCE TO CLEAR OUR HONOR!

ONLY A CHANCE, CHIEF! DON'T FORGET THIS IS ALL A MUNCH!



HIT THE ROAD, MIDNITE! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE LAST OUTPOST!



LATER, AT THE GENERAL STORE

WELL, DID YOU CATCH THE CROWFOOT?

NO! AND I THINK THE REASON WE DIDN'T IS BECAUSE YUM WARNED THEM WE WERE COMING!



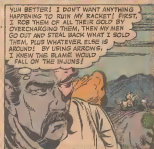
WHAT YOU THINK DOESN'T WORRY ME! WE'LL SOON KNOW WHO REALLY COMMITTED THOSE MASSACRES! LET'S HAVE SOME BANDAGES!

WHAT DO YUM MEAN?



ANOTHER WAGON TRAIN WAS JUST ATTACKED, BUT THE KILLERS BUNGLED THE JOB!









—AND NOW I'M GOING TO HAND YOU OVER TO THE NEAREST MARSHAL AS THE LEADER OF A BAND OF MURDERERS!



GET YOUR HAND OFF ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

IF YOU WON'T COME PEACEFULLY—



—THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BY FORCE!



YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

OH, NOT



HERE'S ALL THE PROOF WE NEED! YOUR GANG HAS BEEN CAUGHT AND THEY'VE CONFESSED ALL! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF COMPANY IN JAIL!



BILL BOYD HELP US PROVE WE NO GUILTY! OUR HONOR SAVED WITHOUT LOSS OF BLOOD! HE REAL FRIEND OF INDIANS!

WAD OF PIONEERS, TOO! FROM NOW ON, THEY CAN TRAVEL FAST LAST OUTPOST WITHOUT FEAR!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, BUT I'M A FRIEND OF EVERYONE WHO BELIEVES IN JUSTICE! NOW LET'S TURN THESE OUTLAWS OVER TO THE LAW!

Follow the thrilling adventures of BILL BOYD every month in his own magazine, BILL BOYD WESTERN!